And let our army be diſcharged too,
And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our traines
March by vs, that we may peruſe the men,
VVe ſhould haue coap't withall.
Biſhop Go, good Lord Haſtings,
And ere they be diſmiſt, let them march by. *enter Weſtmerland.*
Prince I truſt Lords we ſhal lie to night togither:
Now cooſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtil?
Weſt. The Leaders hauing charge from you to ſtand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you ſpeake.
Prince They know their dueties. *enter Haſtings*
Haſtings My lord, our army is diſperſt already,
Like youthfull ſteeres vnyoakt they take their courſes,
Eaſt, weaſt, north, ſouth, or like a ſchoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home, and ſporting place.
Weſt. Good tidings my lord Haſtings, for the which
I do areſt thee traitor of high treaſon,
And you lord Archbiſhop, and you lord Mowbray,
Of capitall treaſon I attach you both.
Mowbray Is this proceeding iuſt and honorable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
Biſhop will you thus breake your faith?
Prince I pawnde thee none,
I promiſt you redreſſe of theſe ſame grieuances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe, with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you rebels, looke to taſte the due
Meete for rebellion:
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe armes commence,
Fondly brought heere, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike vp our drummes, purſue the ſcattred ſtray:
God, and not we, hath ſafely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treaſons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.
Alarum *Enter Falſtaffe* *excurſions*
Fal. whats your name ſir, of what condition are you, and of

of what place?
Cole. I am a Knight ſir, and my name is Coleuile of the Dale.
Fal. well then, Colleuile is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Coleuile ſhalbe ſtill your name, a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep enough, ſo ſhall you be ſtil Colleuile of the Dale.
Colle. Are not you ſir Iohn Falſtaffe?
Fal. As good a man as he ſir, who ere I am: doe ye yeelde ſir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I doe ſweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obſeruance to my mercie.
Colle. I think you are ſir Iohn Falſtaffe, and in that thought yeelde me.
Fal. I haue a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeakes any other word but my name, and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were ſimply the moſt actiue fellow in Europe: my womb, my wombe, my womb vndoes me, heere comes our Generall.
Enter Iohn Weſtmerland, and the reſt. *Retraite*
Iohn The heate is paſt, follow no further now,
Call in the powers good cooſin Weſtmerland.
Now Falſtaffe, where haue you beene all this while?
VVhen euery thing is ended, then you come:
Theſe tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake ſome gallowes backe.
Fal. I would bee ſory my lord, but it ſhoulde bee thus: I neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke, was the reward of Valor: do you thinke me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility, I haue foundred nineſcore and od poſtes, and here trauell tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, taken ſir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy, : but what of that? he ſawe me, and yeelded, that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-noſde fellow of Rome, their